



The Ungenerous Friend.



The Ungenerous Friend.

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Curll
THE
Gentleman's Pothecary.

A
TRUE STORY.

Done out of FRENCH,
By Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Knt.
in the Year 1678. *R*

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N,
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T H E

Gentleman's Pocket

A

TRUE STORY



Done one of the
By Sir R. O. & K. & C.

The Society's History

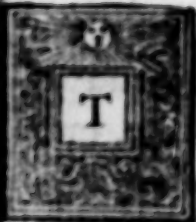
LONDON

Printed by J. G. & C. in the Strand, near the Temple



THE
Gentleman-Apothecary.

A
NOVEL.

HE Ladies method of *Bleeding*,
and *Clysters*, is rarely good
without dispute, both for the
Health and the *Complexion*, but
especially *Clysters*, which *Ara-*
minta made often use of ; not that they
could make her fairer than they found
her, but to preserve those Beauties fresh,
and charming which they could not either
create or increase.

B

ONCE

ONCE upon a time having given order for this blessed *Preservative*, and being told by her Woman, that all was ready, she laid herself down upon the Bed in a Posture to receive it, with wonderful *Patience* expecting the comfortable Office; with *Patience*, I say, for *fretting makes People look Old*; and all *handsome Women are under an Oath to be true to their Faces*.

THE Mistress having disposed her Body, (as I told you) in no very good Condition to take notice of what past in the Chamber, away runs the Maid (leaving the Door open) for a Napkin; and, just in the Interim, while she was hunting for a Cloth, gently up the Stairs comes *Timante*, (a familiar Friend of the Lady's) and seeing the Passage free, into the Chamber he goes without Discovery.

THE first Spectacle he encountered, was a pair of incomparable Haunches; which put him for a while to a stand; partly out of Reverence, and partly out of Surprise: But in a short time, coming a little to himself, and looking round about him, to see if any
Body

Body was in the Room, he casts his Eye upon a certain Instrument which the Maid had left on a Chair by the Bed-side. The Gentleman very innocently takes it up, and finding it laden, and his Mark fair, for want of an *Apothecary*, resolves to do the Work himself, and so he did; and that so dextrously too, that the best Master of his Trade in *Paris* could not have mended it.

IMMEDIATELY, upon the Discharge, out slips *Timante* again, as privately as he came in, and no Mortal the Wiser. *Araminta*, in the mean while, draws up herself within the Curtains, covers all, for fear of the worst, and so disposes herself to her Repose.

TIMANTE was no sooner out of the House, but down comes the Maid, (post-haste) with twenty Excuses in her Mouth all the way she came, for making her Mistress wait so long. Well Madam, says she, I am glad however to see your Ladyship keep yourself warm; but now, when you please, I am

B 2

ready

ready for you ; and to say the Truth, the Clyster was somewhat of the hottest before.

WHAT means this Wench ! (cries *Araminta*) wouldst thou have me take Two at a Bout ? Two, Madam ! I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, (says the Maid) you have had none at all yet. Prithee, no more Fooling, (cries the Mistress) and let me get this out, before I take another in : Didst not thou thyself give me one just now ? Not I, Madam, as I hope to be saved, says the Wench, I have been all this while above in the Garret for a Napkin ; but now I perceive your Ladyship has been your own Apothecary, for I see the Bag is empty. Upon my Soul, not I, says *Araminta* ; but most assuredly I have a Clyster in my Guts, and whoever put it there, was his Craft's Master. The Maid swore over and over, that for her Part, she knew nothing on't.

UPON this they fell to gazing one upon the other in the greatest Confusion imaginable ; and, without a Word speaking, betrayed, in the Disorder of their Looks, the
Distrac-

Distraction of their Thoughts. At last, recollecting themselves, a strict search was made in the Chamber for this invisible Operator, but no Creature to be found: Whereupon they jointly concluded that it must needs be the Devil, and with one Voice cried out, by Consent, that the House was haunted.

THIS Out-cry brought all the Neighbourhood in a trice, into *Araminta's* Chamber, to learn what was the Matter; the Maid told them they had been troubled with a Spirit. *Jesu Maria*, (cried the Company, crossing themselves) but *What has he done? What has he done?* To this, they could get nothing more out of them, than that the Devil was turned Apothecary.

By this time *Araminta's* Physick began to grow troublesome, and the Company more so; but she kept all her Gripes and Grumbings to herself, till Flesh and Blood could hold no longer; and then in plain Terms desired she might be left a little to her Privacy. So soon as ever the Room was cleared, *Ara-*

*mint*a gave the Devil his Clyster again, and found great Ease upon it.

THIS was a terrible Bout, but yet not so Terrible, as to fright a Lady from minding her Beauty, and her Pleasure ; nor could the Devil himself hinder *Araminta* from Dressing, and going Abroad that Evening, according to her Custom.

WHILE these Things past, *Timante* was upon a Visit at the House of a great Lady, whither he went directly from *Araminta*. The Fancy of the Encounter would not out of his Head ; and still as he thought upon it, he could not, for his Blood, but burst out a Laughing, till it distasted the Company, as if it had been at some of them : And then, in his own Defence, he was fain to discover what it was that made him so Merry, that they might not any longer take him for a Person either unmannerly, or ridiculous.

IN the Story of his Adventure, he gave them to understand, how that Providence had

had made him *Apothecary* to one of the finest Women in *France* ; and so told them all the Particulars, baring only the Name of his Patient. This set the Company a Laughing ready to break their Hearts ; and, in fine, there never was an Afternoon of pleasanter Conversation. *This must be such a one*, says one ; or *such a one*, or *such a one*, says another ; and among the rest, *Araminta* came in, for her Part, whom they pitched upon the rather, both because they knew her to be a great Dealer in that kind of Physick ; and also that *Timante* came often to the House.

ARAMINTA, you must know, was not of a Humour to converse with *Goblins*, and being possessed that her Apartment was haunted, she made all the haste she could to get Ready, and Abroad : And so out she goes upon a visit to *Cephisa* (the Lady of the House where *Timante* then was, and where the Question, I told you of, was still a-Foot.) Upon her coming into the Chamber, *Timante* was observed to Smile and change Colour ; which fortified the Company in their Conjecture, that *Araminta* was the concealed Party

Party. *Cephisa* received her with great Compliment and Civility; and being a Person that was priviledged by her Birth, and Quality, to talk her Pleasure, (after several pretty Things spoken in Favour of *Araminta's* Dress, and Person) I'll lay my Life, Madam, (says *Cephisa*, slyly enough) that you have taken Physick to Day, for me-thinks I read it in your Complexion. *Araminta*, with a Blush, dissembled the Matter as well as she could; and *Timante* answered that Blush with another, and a Smile into the Bargain, which he could not forbear, though he bit his Lips heartily to suppress it; so that he was forced to turn off to the Window, for fear *Araminta* should take Notice, and imagine the Cause of it. These Circumstances being laid together, confirmed the Company more and more: And when they had chatted away the Evening, till it was time to break up, they went every one their Way, abundantly satisfied that they knew the Patient now, as well as the Apothecary.

• Not long after this, there was a Report all over the Town, that the Devil had given
Araminta

Araminta a Clyster; and this was long of her own Woman, that first told it in Confidence to a Friend of hers; and thence it past from Hand to Hand, till it came to *Araminta* herself at last: And it was so Publick, that she could not go Abroad for being pointed at in the Streets. But this Rumour lasted not long, before *Timante* supplied the Devil's Place in the Story, as the more probable and credible Relation of the Two.

TIMANTE was now upon a ticklish Point; if he should give over visiting as he was wont, it might be taken for granted, that the Report was true: And on the other side, if he should go, and be charged upon it, he had no Way to come off, but by a flat Denial of the Fact; in which Case, Evidence would be given against him out of his own Mouth. Upon this Deliberation he resolved however to go; but upon the very instant of setting his Foot within the Door, he fell into so strange an Apprehension of her Displeasure, such an irresolution of Mind, and so wonderful a trembling of the Heart, as made him suspect himself to have a greater
Kindness

Kindness for her than he was aware of : which troubled him the more, because he knew she had a Servant already, one *Lican-der*, who was then in the Country.

I N this Disorder up he goes to *Araminta's* Chamber, in whom he found a thousand Graces and Advantages which he had never taken the least notice of before (for let but a Man believe that he loves a Woman, or that he ought to love her, and it is enough to make him hang himself in his Garters for her.) This Surprize kept him for a while in Silence, and at a Gaze : And *Araminta*, on the other side, stood Stone-still, with her Eyes fixed on the Ground, in the greater Confusion per-
chance of the two.

TIMANTE durst not look his Mistress in the Face, nor *Araminta* her Apothecary ; and for some half a quarter of an Hour, there past not a Word, no not so much as a Look between them, to signify what they would have been at, if they could have spoken. In the Conclusion, *Araminta* brake the Ice ; and with a side-look, *Timante*, says she, *There is something that I take very Ill at your Hands.*

Hands. And-But there she stopt; which *Timante* observing; Madam, says he, I cannot imagine what you should take ill from me, who, I solemnly swear, never had any other Intention than to serve you. But *there are Services*, replied she, *which I should be loth to receive from Timante; and I need not tell you neither of what Quality they are.* I would I had ever been so Happy, Madam, as to have served you to your Satisfaction, says *Timante*, that I might distinguish betwixt the Services you like, and those that displease you. *The Services I like says Araminta, are not of the nature of those you have rendered me.* These Words brought the Blood into her Checks; but *Timante* went on, as if nothing had been: Alas, Madam, says he, *The Services that I have rendered you!* It has been the Design, I must confess, of my whole Life to serve you; but I was never yet blest with any Opportunity of doing it. *For that, says Araminta, you'll make hard shift, rather than want an Opportunity.* He that never found it, says *Timante*, must needs want it; neither do I desire it, but in order to your Service: And—— Here *Araminta* interrupting him, *'Tis possible, says she,*
that

that Opportunity may put it into your Power to do me a Service that I should hardly thank you for ; and it may be that has been the very Case already. If it has, Madam, says *Timante*, it is however more than I know. Come, come, says *Araminta*, (raising her Voice) let's have no more juggling ; I know well enough what you have done ; and that you have done enough to make me abhor you. If I have served you, Madam, as you suppose, why, says *Timante* should you abhor me, or take it amiss that I have served you ? And yet, says *Araminta*, I do take it ill, exceedingly ill. I cannot think, says he, that this comes from your Heart : If I have done you a Service, methinks you should rather give me a Reward, than a Rebuke. Do not you know, says *Araminta*, (after a little Pause, finding that she could not make him speak home) that there are some Services which are never to be presented without asking leave ? For my own Part, says he, I reckon those to be the noblest Services which are performed without talking of them. To ask leave, favours too much of Vanity, and Ostentation, in publishing the Matter beforehand ; and it proves many times but a vain Pretence

Pretence to what we are never able to compass. Nay, farther, says he, It is still more generous for a Man to conceal himself, not only in the doing of a Service, but if it may be, even for ever after the Service is done. *That's no more, says Araminta, than I looked for ; and you will do very well to make yourself one of the concealed Number : For the Service, here in Question, is of a Quality that better deserves a Reprehension than a Recompence.* The Service, Madam, which I have done you, says Timante, is a very extravagant kind of Service, if it be so as you render it ; and that he who has done it, is a Stranger to it himself. Be so good, I beseech you, as to mind me of it ; give me but some Hint that I may understand it ; and I do assure you, when I come once to know it, I shall not be so mealy-mouthed as to disown it. (This he foresaw would put her to a Puzzle ; and finding her at a loss) But, Madam, says he, the Service you reflect upon, is as little known to yourself, I perceive, as to me ; and you that received it, can give no better Account of it, than I that did it, *Go to, go to, says Araminta, we understand one another :*

And since the Service is so Dishonourable, that you are resolved not to own it. I shall not give myself the Trouble to tell you it. Let it suffice, such a Service it was, as will blast your Character among all honest Men, and which I shall for ever remember as it deserves. But we had better talk of something else. As Timante was about to reply, she took the Words out of his Mouth, and said.

HAVE you not heard lately of a certain Cavalier that gave a Lady a Chyster? Yes, says Timante, (not a little surprized at the Question) I have heard as much, but I can hardly believe it. That's not the Point, says Araminta, for true, or false, 'tis the same thing to me: But answer me directly, If you had been in that Cavalier's Place, what would you have done? Being I was not there, says Timante, I cannot say precisely what I would have done, if I had been there, for I do not know in what Humour I might have been. Well, says Araminta, but in the Humour you are in at present, what would you do, if such an Accident should offer itself this very instant? Shew me the Accident, Madam, says he, and I'll shew you the Humour; we have other Thoughts upon the

the

the view of Objects, than we have upon the Fancies of them. *If you cannot tell me what you would have done yourself, tell me only,* says Araminta, *what another ought to have done?* That, says he, is the greater Difficulty of the two: For, Madam, if I know not what I would have done myself, how should I divine what another would have done? *I do not ask you (says the lovely Araminta, a little in Heat) what you would have done, or what another would have done in the Case, but what you or another ought to have done?* I am of Opinion, Madam, said he, (to speak freely) that the Respect which becomes us to the Face of a Woman, would be an Affront to her Back-side; and to quit the Place for fear of putting a Bum out of Countenance, would appear a very ridiculous Thing, and imply a most unmanly Want, both of Courage and Respect. Is it not thereabouts, that we are to stand upon Ceremonies, and I should look upon him as a lost Man to both Sexes, that should shut his Eyes upon so remarkable an Occasion. Nor but that I could allow the Lady, that should be so surprized, to be a little Peevish and out of Humour;

and if she could call a Man Insolent and Brutal for his Pains, I should not much blame her for't. But yet let me tell your Ladyship, she that Understands herself, and knows how the World Wags, would never make a serious Bustle about such a Trifle ; but begin the Raillery herself, to prevent others. What are Men made for, but to serve Women ? And, provided they do their Duties, no matter upon what Occasion. Alas ! Madam, the Part is nice and tender ; who knows but one Minute more in the cold Air might have cost her her Life ? And the Clyster would have been quite spoiled too, for 'twas o' the coolest already. You may observe too, that so soon as ever he had done his Work, he went his Way with all the Genteelness imaginable. Now where's the Crime of all this, I beseech you ? Unless a Man should be condemned for good Nature, or for the Discretion of improving the Opportunity of serving a fair Lady when 'tis offered him ? This is my Sense, Madam, and what I should have done in the Place of this Gallant ; and what I conceive

ceive any other Man ought to have done upon the like Occasion.

THIS Discourse put *Araminta* several times to the Blush, which by twenty little Shifts, of looking another Way, and the like, she kept from *Timante* as much as possible. And when he had done, *Well*, says she, *If this be your Sense, I can assure you 'tis none of hers that's concerned in the Story; she abominates the Man, and knowing you to be one of the dearest Friends he has in the World, I am to charge you, in her Name, that you never look her in the Face again, nor come where she is to be seen. This I have in Commission to tell you, and that it will be your best Course to do that of yourself, which you will be otherwise forced to.* This Menace, says *Timante*, signifies nothing to me, but for your sake I submit; provided only that you tell me who this charming Creature may be. I have not the Gift of Divination, Madam: How shall I be able to avoid I know not whom? By this order of yours, I am never again to look upon any Woman that's Handsome, for fear it should prove that excellent Person whose sight I am forbidden.

No, no, Madam, you have too much Goodness and Justice (I am confident) to impose any thing so severe and unreasonable.

If the renouncing of the whole Sex, in exchange for the Blessing of your particular Favour and Conversation, may content you, I will frankly oblige myself, never to see the Face of any Woman besides yourself, and reckon myself a Gainer too by quitting all the scattered Graces that are to be found in Womankind, for the Concurrence of them all, in one and the same Person. *You ask a Thing not to be admitted, says Araminta, for the injured Lady and myself have so much one Interest, and one Soul, that it is impossible to please the one with what displeases the other: Wherefore I do absolutely require it of you, that from this Moment you never see me, nor speak to me again to your Live's End. This is Barbarous! (cries Timante, a little disturbed) to punish a Man so bloodily, for a Fault he never committed, and for a Person's Sake too that he never disobliged. Tell her she's Unjust. And—— Enough, enough of this, says Araminta, and too much so, unless 'twere better.*

You

You have done more than you'll confess ; and the Lady you call Unjust, knows well enough who was the doer of it. No matter for Particulars ; you understand them better than we can tell you. All I have to say on my Friend's Behalf, is to advise you to govern your Tongue, or there will be Ways found to govern it for you : Ways, which my Friend hath hitherto forbore, for Reasons best known to herself. Never think to put off the Matter, and cry, 'Twas none of you. I tell you the contrary. You were seen when you went out of the House : Or, say no Body had seen you ; How could you imagine, that what you yourself had talked of so publicly, should not come to the Lady's own Ear at last ? Come, come, (says she, with a sigh) consider what you have done : Think on't, and so save you well to all Eternity. With these Words in her Mouth, out she goes into the next Room, and locks herself up in her Closet.

TIMANTE was now at leisure to reflect upon what had past, and concluding within himself, either that all was discovered already, or would be very suddenly ; he resolved to make the best of a bad Game, and rather to put it off with Merriment and good Humour,

mour, than either to excuse or deny it. When he had a little berhought himself, and finding Ink and Paper upon the Table, so pat to his Purpose, he drew over a Letter which he left upon the Table, against the Hangings, so much in sight, that there was no coming into the Room, without seeing it, and so went his Way, not doubting but it would fall into the right Hand ; and so soon as ever he was gone, *Araminta* would come out of her Closet again into her Chamber. He was scarce out of the Door, but in comes *Neophile*, a jolly Lads, and one of *Timante's* intimate Acquaintance : The first thing she cast her Eye upon, was *Timante's* Letter, which, without any scruple, she presently took up, and read it from one End to t'other. (For these frolicksome Wenches, you must know, are priviledg'd to do any Thing) This Letter put *Neophile* into so violent a Fit of Laughing, that the noise of it fetched *Araminta* out of her Closet, to know the Business : And upon that, *Neophile* read it over again, and laughed more and more. *Prithee, what's the meaning of all this ?* (says *Araminta*) Only a Paper that I found here upon the Table,

(says

(says *Neophile*) which, I suppose, you are very able to give a good Account of, if you please. *Not I, upon my Life, says Araminta, I never so much as saw it.* Go to, go to, (says *Neophile*, with a roguish Smile) let's have none of these Disguises among Friends. 'Tis true, here's none of *Araminta's* Name to this Paper, but here's the History of a certain Adventure of hers, deny it if you can. Come, come, prithee do not pretend to make that a Secret to me, that the whole World is ready to make Oath of. This made *Araminta* change Colour, and yet she could be as free with *Neophile*, as with any Body: but still she protested over and over, that she knew nothing at all of the Paper; and she had neither read it, nor seen it.— Why then, says *Neophile*, it is but reason you should have the reading of it: There 'tis. And *Araminta* read as follows.



T H E



(12)

THE
APOTHECARY
TO HIS
FAIR PATIENT.

MADAM,
“ BY the manner of your Discourse a-
“ bout the Clyster, I perceive you
“ are not willing to tell me all you know
“ and I must be put to conjure for the rest ;
“ which, for your sake, I am content to do,
“ and to spare you the trouble of Speaking,
“ what you are afraid to make me Understand.
“ But after this, I beseech you, Madam, let
“ us hear no more of Complaints and Re-
“ proaches, as if I wanted either Kindness
“ or Respect. And yet now I am coming

“ to

" to the Point, I am a little doubtful, whe-
 " ther you would rather have me entertain
 " you under the Name of a third Person,
 " as you did me, or address myself to a
 " third Person when I speak to you. For
 " my own Part, I am clearly for Plain
 " Dealing among Friends; and for treating
 " you (now the Vizor is off) as if I were he,
 " that did the good Office you wot of, and
 " yourself she that received it. Yes, yes,
 " Madam, this is the naked Truth of the
 " Case: and I myself am the happy Man
 " who had the honour to do that Service to
 " the most delicious piece of Womans Flesh
 " in Nature. A Service that was both sea-
 " sonable and expected: A Service that was
 " both given and taken with all the Civility
 " imaginable: A Service, I say, presented
 " upon the Knee, with Reverence and with
 " Silence; and managed with so generous a
 " Moderation, that notwithstanding the ut-
 " most force of Charms, and Appetite, I
 " gave my Eye alone the benefit of the Ac-
 " cident. You are too Just, Madam, and too
 " Wise, to take a Service for an Offence:
 " and the first undoubtedly, of the Sex, that
 " ever

“ ever quarreled with any Man for ministring
 “ an Advantage to her Beauty.

THIS Letter, though pleasant enough to any Body else, could not draw so much as one Smile from *Araminta*. All she said upon't, was, (coldly to *Neophile*) that she believed the Letter belonged to her, and was not found, as she pretended, upon the Table. (Not but that she knew well enough, by the Contents, that it came from *Timante*, only she was loth to own what had befallen her) *Neophile*, on the other side, kept her Ground, and shewd *Araminta* that the Ink was not yet dry; and that the Letter was of the same Paper with that on the Table; and followed her so close, that at last *Araminta* had nothing left to say, but that it was all one to her, if it were written on that very Table, and with her Ink and Paper, so long as she never saw the Letter, nor knew in the least, to whom it was intended, or any Creature that had been engaged in such an Adventure. *Neophile*, perceiving that *Araminta* was a little gravelled, and taking for granted that the Story was true, in pure Pity to her Friend, changed her Discourse; but yet so ordered the

the Matter, (as she was notably good at Fishing) that she had got all out of her before they parted, and made herself of her particular Confidence. And now was the time to reason her Friend out of that insociable Melancholy, that possessed her, in to a better Temper.

PRITHEE *Araminta*, says *Neophile*, leave tormenting of thyself (for a pitiful Business of, I know not what) to make Sport for other People: Dost thou not think we should have a comfortable World on't, if every Woman that has had her Back-side turned up, should be of this Humour? I would not advise thee, neither, directly to confess the Thing; nor would I have thee positively to deny it; but e'en fairly pass it over, betwixt Jest and earnest.

ARAMINTA found this to be wholesome Counsel; and within two Days received from *Timante* (who durst not come himself) this following Letter.

D *TIMANTE*

THE
T I M A N T E

To the Cruel

A R A M I N T A.

“ I DO not know what you may think of
“ the Letter I left you the other Day
“ upon the Table; but you are much to blame,
“ if you do not take me to be a very honest,
“ civil Fellow for my Pains: First, in going to
“ the Devil upon your Errand, to learn that
“ which you would have me know, and durst
“ not tell me yourself. And then to plead
“ guilty of my own accord, to a Charge
“ which you could never have proved: And
“ all this for your Satisfaction.

“ T H E last time I had the honour to see
“ you, you were extreamly angry with me
“ for my Curiosity; but let me tell you now,
“ for your Consolation, that you are abun-
“ dantly

“ dantly revenged upon me in my Love. To
 “ tell you the plain Truth, I am neither bet-
 “ ter nor worse, than stark Mad, for a cer-
 “ tain Woman, that, within these eight and
 “ forty Hours, bad me never look her in
 “ the Face again. If you be the Person, it
 “ is not my Part to mind you of it, but on
 “ the contrary, to try if I can make you for-
 “ get it. I am perpetually beating my Brains,
 “ which way to make my Peace with you,
 “ and my Passion acceptable to you: But
 “ then, methinks, for a Lady of your Qua-
 “ lity to cast her Eyes upon a wretched Apo-
 “ thecary, were a most unreasonable Thing;
 “ and yet you are to consider, Madam, that I
 “ am an Apothecary that chuses his Patients,
 “ and ministers only to fair Ladies: Witness
 “ the incomparable *Araminta*, who knows
 “ this to be a Truth past Dispute or Con-
 “ tradiction. And where’s the Cavalier
 “ now, that does not wish himself an Apo-
 “ thecary in my Place? Tell me for Good-
 “ ness sake, Madam, how I am with you,
 “ and when I may see you, that I may tell
 “ you again, when you yourself shall see, at

“ your Feet, the most faithful and passionate
 “ of all Morrals.

TIMANTE.

THIS way of Fooling pleased *Araminta* well enough, and set *Timante*, by little and little, upon better Terms with his Mistress. (Who, you must know, was too much a Christian, to carry Malice in her Heart against any Man that had Wit in him, and good Humour.) But as to the answering either of this, or of any other Letter, for the future, she was utterly against it, till all should be gone and past, for fear of reviving the Story.

BUT this would not serve *Timante's* Turn ; for his Business was to possess *Araminta* with a Sense of his Passion, and to shew her that it was above all Discouragements. So that let her reply, or not, his Resolution was to write on at a Venture ; which he did a while after, as follows.

T L.



T I M A N T E

To the fair and speechless

A R A M I N T A

“**W**HAT! not one poor Word left
“ to cast at a Dog? Never, never
“ to see *Arminia* again? nor so much as to
“ hear from her? ten thousand Catarrhs
“ and Gouts, upon the Eyes and Fingers
“ that were the causes of it. And all this
“ forsooth, for having my Eyes in my Head;
“ and for seeing those Delicacies which you
“ yourself set before me: For doing the ve-
“ ry thing which you yourself called for;
“ and waited for; only it was done (as it
“ appears) by a wrong Hand. Is not this
“ a goodly cause of Banishment, think you?
“ A very worthy Ground of ruining a poor
“ Devil, Body and Soul, that loves you, as

“ if Heaven and Earth would come together:
 “ Pray let the Party offended speak for it-
 “ self, and do not you complain at one End,
 “ for a Kindness done to the other.

“ B U T this is all a Man gets for his
 “ good Will. Well, well ; go on, if you
 “ please, and make me turn Apothecary
 “ in good Earnest. I shall not want fair
 “ Customers, never doubt it ; when the
 “ World shall understand, that my first
 “ Trial of Skill was upon your sweet Lady-
 “ ship. Do not provoke me, but be Kind
 “ and Wise in time. For in my whole Pra-
 “ ctice, if ever I meet with the fellow of
 “ the Sight you shewed me, I shall most cer-
 “ tainly revolt. Till then you are to ex-
 “ pect the persecution of my Letters ; and
 “ after that Day, not a Syllable more from
 “ *Timante*, while your Eyes are open.

A R A M I N T A found this Raillery not
 amiss ; but still she kept to her Resolution
 of making no return, which put *Timante* up-
 on this other Letter.



T I M A N T E

To the FAIR

A R A M I N T A,

If she be above Ground:

“ **T**HOUGH you have plagued me
“ most damnably, yet I can have the
“ Charity to forgive you, if you be Dead ;
“ but look for no Quarter at my Hands, if
“ it shall be your Lot to be found among
“ the Living. To make such a pother about
“ a Clyster ? As if it had been Gunshot. I
“ must see you no more, it seems, because I
“ saw that which neither saw me, nor knows
“ me, nor never took any thing Ill from me ;
“ not indeed, any thing at all from me, but
“ as the lawful Deputy of the Chamber-
Maid.

" Maid. It is not well, to trouble yourself
 " so much with what is below Stairs ; and
 " by your own Fretting and Fuming, to
 " make that so Hot in the Mouth, that was
 " so Cool and Comfortable in the Belly. I
 " could say somewhat more than you are a-
 " ware of, perchance, in a Business of which
 " I was an Eye-witness ; and revenge my-
 " self that way upon you, if I would give
 " my Mind to it. But *Basta* * .

" If you be really dead, I do not see
 " why any thing of this should trouble you ;
 " but if you be alive, faith, recal your Com-
 " mands, and let me live too ; for there is
 " nothing surer, than that your Kindness,
 " or Cruelty, is the Life or Death of
 " *Timante*.

THIS Letter wrought no more upon
Araminta than the rest ; and *Timante* quick-
 ly found that Writing would never do his
 Business ; so that some other Course was now
 to be thought upon, for the making of
 his Peace with his Mistress : and no way
 better, than by engaging *Neophile*, (which
 WAS

* i. e. Enough.

was his next Work) who he knew could do any thing she pleased with *Araminta*. Upon the opening of his Heart to her, she promised him fair; and you shall now see how she proceeded.

SHE got *Timante* to her House, upon a certain time when *Araminta* was to make her a Visit; and there she placed him behind the Hangings, within hearing. *Araminta*, says she, *I have a Request to make to you, and you must promise me before-hand not to deny me.* *Araminta* past her Word that she would not; and immediately, upon that, *Neophile* presents *Timante* to her, for her Pardon, and begs of her, that, for the time to come, she would allow him the honour of waiting upon her, as he had done formerly. *No Body loves you, Madam, better than I do, says Neophile, and you shall never repent the Entertainment of so chearful and ingenious a Conversation.* *Timante* seconded this Mediation of *Neophile*, upon his Knees, with all the Expressions of Tenderness, Passion, and Humility imaginable. It was a pretty while before *Araminta* could recover herself from the confusi-

on this Surprize had given her; and just as she was about to reply, she was struck Dumb again, for she could not look *Timante* in the Face, without reflecting that he had looked upon her elsewhere: Upon which Thought she stood for a good while with her Eyes fixed upon the Ground, and without one Syllable speaking. But upon farther Consideration, she resolved to break through all these fantastical Scruples, and to say something to *Timante*, who was all this while upon his Knees, in Expectation of her Answer.

TIMANTE, says she, *Neophile is my Friend; and for her sake, I am content to pardon all that is past; for it is not possible I should hate any Thing that appears under her Protection. Wherefore I do once again assure you, that whatever is past, shall be forgotten, as if it had never been. But I must now conjure you on the other side, that you never see me again; and this I am sure you will not refuse me, at least if you love me, as you say you do; or if you have any Respect for my Peace, and Credit; for I perceive I shall never be able to look upon you, but with*
Shame

Shame and Trouble. It is upon this Condition, that I pardon you the Affront you have done me; and I shall judge of your Affection, by your Obedience.

AN, Madam, says Timante, would you have me promise you an Impossibility? To bid a Man shew his Love by his Indifference, is to bid him Love, and not Love at the same time.

THE very Soul of Love, is the Presence of the beloved Object: Take away that, and Love is rather a Disease, than a Comfort. But how many are there, says Araminta, that gratify their Passions, at all Distances, with the very Contemplation, and Desire of what they Love? By your leave, Madam, says Timante, he that lives in Desire, lives in Torment: But however, be it as you please, whether my Life is to be Happy or Miserable; I shall not want Strength and Obedience to carry this Passion with me to my Grave. Do as you say, then, said Araminta, and you will oblige me in suffering for me. It shall be so, Madam, says Timante, with a passionate Sadness in his

Coun-

Countenance. But is it possible ; that Time——No more Questions, says Araminta, but let it suffice, that you will please me, if you obey me : And let me tell you, that he that comes once to please his Mistress, is in a fair Way to gain her. Timante, finding that Matters went better than he expected, pressed the Business no farther ; but passing his Word for Obedience, left the rest to Time and good Nature. On the other side, the lovely Araminta was so well satisfied with Timante's manner of Proceeding, both upon the Point of Affection and Respect, that she told him, so soon as the Talk was over, he might visit her again ; and that, for her Part, when the World should have forgotten his Fault, she would not be the last that should remember it. Upon this they parted ; and Timante took his leave. Araminta staid not long after ; but not a Word, this Bout, to Neophile, of any Disposition she found in herself to favour the Person, whom, but just now, she so violently hated.

It seems, by the Discourse, that the Apothecary and his Patient began now to understand one another ; which Neophile took

took notice of too ; and within a few Days, brought her Friend to confess as much. At which time, *Licander*, a profest Servant, (though no great Favourite) of *Araminta*'s came out of the Country, where he had been upon some earnest Business. At his return, he was welcomed with the Story of the Clyster ; which, instead of diverting him, put him (being extreamly Jealous and Hot-headed) into the most extravagant Rage imaginable. Nothing would serve him, but he must be revenged upon *Timante* ; and that too, not without reproaching *Araminta* (how innocent soever) which he did, sufficiently, the first Visit he made her.

You are in good Health, I hope, Madam, says *Licander*. In very good Health, Sir, I thank you, replies *Araminta*. Yes, Madam, says he, I make no Question of it ; for I understand you are in a Course of Physick to keep you so. *Araminta* who knew his Humour perfectly well, and saw what he would be at, made him this careless Answer, I do not know how you come to be so well informed in my Affairs ; but this I assure you, Sir, that

E

whatever

whatever I do, it is not to please you. And yet, Madam, says the brutish *Licander*, though you have no design to please me, there are a thousand others that you would be glad with all your Heart to please ; you would never have taken a Clyster of the first comer else. You may be sure however for your Part, says she, with a modest Indignation, that it is an Office I'll never receive from you. And, truly Madam, says he, I am not at all ambitious of the Honour ; my Rivals, it may be, will be glad of it ; but for myself, I was never cut out for an Apothecary. At a venture, says *Araminta*, I shall not put that to the Tryal. You will do the better, Madam, says he, for I am not half so good at it as *Timante*. I cannot imagine, says she, what it is you drive at. But it is enough, says he, that I can. They entertained one another at this Rate a good while ; and *Araminta* was so quick upon him at every Turn, that *Licander* had little Joy of that Visit, and so away he went.

THIS Business ran in his Head all that Night, and early in the Morning, up he gets, and away towards *Timante's* Lodging, to watch
his

his going Abroad, and demand Satisfaction, with his Sword in his Hand, which he resolved to do, in such a manner however, that it should appear rather a Casual Encounter, than a formal Duel. After a matter of an Hours waiting, out comes *Timante*, and *Licander*, at a pretty Distance follows him, till they came into a little blind, unfrequented Alley; and there *Licander* draws, and runs in upon him, bidding him defend himself. One Word was as good as a thousand to *Timante* in such a Case, who so behaved himself, that *Licander* found he was like to have his Belly full before they parted. They exchanged several Passes, upon equal means; but at last *Timante* drew Blood of his Enemy: And it had gone worse with him too, if Company had not come in and parted them.

THERE was no Body took this Engagement for any other than a Rencounter, and yet the Combatants durst not trust themselves to the Severity of the Law, but thought it their wisest Course to shift for themselves,

and lie close, till either their Peace should be made, or they might fight it out.

Y o u may imagine the different Reflections these two Gentlemen past upon the Fortune of that Day ; and that while *Timante* on the one side was transported with Joy, for the Advantage he had gained upon his Adversary and Rival, both in One : *Licander*, on the other side was ready to hang himself for the contrary. But the Thing that most stuck in his Stomach, was, the ridiculous occasion of the Quarrel. If the Devil had not possesst me, says he, I should never have brought my Life and Honour to the Stake, for a Clyster-Pipe ; with a great deal to this Effect : And while *Licander* was in this Chase, and stewing himself in his own Grease, *Timante's* Employment was to write to his Mistress, which he did the same Day in these Terms.



TO



TO THE
Invisible FAIR ONE.

“ I AM under so absolute a Resolution,
“ and Necessity of conforming my Opinions and Affections to yours, and of loving, or disliking, just as you do ; that I
“ cannot say whether I am the better, or the
“ worse, for my late Success, till I know
“ how you understand it. If you take nothing amiss in it, I shall reckon it a Blessing ;
“ if otherwise, it will turn to my Ruin. I
“ have been thinking to make you the present
“ of a little Piece of Gallantry, for your
“ Diversion : The Fruit of an idle Hour or
“ two. But I have checked myself again,
“ for fear you should, from that Freedom,
“ measure the Reverence and Respects of
“ *Timante*.

ARAMINTA took this Letter very kindly, but could not be prevailed upon to put Pen to Paper; only, by Word of Mouth, she gave *Timante* to understand, that she should be glad to have a sight of what he mentioned in his Letter *. Which *Timante* sent her immediately, in company with the following Epistle.

* i. e. The little Piece of Gallantry.



OT

(44)

T O T H E

Most Charming Creature in the whole World.

“ I F the Foolery I now send you should
“ happen to displease you, blame your-
“ self Madam, for commanding it : You
“ will find upon your Perusal, that it is a
“ Piece written in Praise of thy—somewhat
“ that shall be nameless : The Child is not yet
“ Christned. What if we should call it a *Pa-*
“ *negyrick* ? Or give it what other Name you
“ please. If it makes you Merry, I have
“ my End : And for matter of Privacy, be
“ assured, that I shall be every Jot as tender
“ of shewing it, as you yourself would be
“ of shewing the Subject of it. Rest upon
“ it, Madam, that it shall never go farther,
“ for my Part, unless you shew it yourself.
“ If there be any thing in it that offends
“ you

“ you, I am sorry for it, and ready to ask
 “ you Forgiveness. After all this, I do not
 “ believe you can be so severe, as to make a
 “ Quarrel of it, at worst. I have your Com-
 “ mission for what I have done, and if I
 “ have done amiss, what would you have
 “ more than the Repentance and Submission
 “ of *Timante* ?

ARAMINTA could not but smile up-
 on the reading of this Letter, which she ran
 over with great Impatience to be at that
 which follows.



U P O N



U P O N * * * * *

“ I NEVER was so taken with any
“ thing since I was Born, Madam, as
“ I was a little while ago, with, you know
“ what.—Indeed, take it, altogether, for
“ Beauty and good Qualities, I do not be-
“ lieve there is the Fellow of it upon the
“ Face of the Earth : So Plump ! So Smooth !
“ So well Proportioned ! And then for a
“ Complexion, that is to say, for a pure
“ Red and White ! All the Roses and Lil-
“ lies, the Snow and Vermillion that ever
“ were bestowed upon Ladies Cheeks in
“ Sonnets and Romances, from the begin-
“ ning of the World to the Date hereof,
“ are nothing to it ! And all this without
“ the expence of Pocket-Glasses, Powders,
“ Paint, or Patches ; only an innocent Wash
“ now and then, and that is all. It is true,
“ the pretty Creature is as Blind as *Cupid*,
“ but

" but then it is as sure too : And if it has
 " no Eyes, neither does it want any ; be-
 " cause it has nothing to do, but what may
 " be done in the Dark, as well as in the
 " Light : And then the Discretion of it is
 " admirable. It is very sparing of Speech :
 " It has the Wit never to refuse a good
 " Thing when tis offered, and tells no Tales
 " out of School when it has done. It is the
 " common Reconciler and Rendezvous of
 " both Fools and Philosophers ; and in one
 " Word, the Support, the Comfort, and the
 " Business of Human Nature.

" MORE might be said, *Pro* and *Con*, in
 " the Case ; but this shall suffice. My
 " humble Service, I beseech you, Madam,
 " when you see my noble Friend next. I
 " know you may do me a good Office there,
 " if you please ; and I am sure you will, if
 " you have that Kindness for me, which I
 " wish you may have ; especially, when you
 " shall find, that this gaiety of Humour, has,
 " in the bottom of it, the highest degree of
 " Passion, and Respect, that can enter into
 " the Soul of *Timante*.

A R A-

ARAMINTA did not well know what to make of the Medley of this Letter, for there was somewhat in it to laugh at, and somewhat again to be angry at : For *Timante's* Raillery went too far, when it came to make Sport with her Reputation ; and that, she took great Offence at. But upon Consideration of the Circumstances, and the general Heedlessness of those that give up themselves to this drolling Humour, she concluded to pass it over without any more ado.

By this (as time and Friends will do any thing) the King was pacified about the Quarrel, upon assurance, That there was nothing of appointment, or premeditation in it : And a Place of Meeting was agreed upon at the House of one that wished well to both, for the reconciling of the two Combatants, where they were brought together ; but with the greatest Difficulty in the World, to get *Licander* thither. When they thought all was well, one of the Company was asking how they came to fall out. *Timante* protested

tested he knew nothing at all of it ; and
 that *Licander*, who assaulted him, was able
 to give the best Account. *Licander*, on the
 other side, replied, that *Timante* was not so
 Ignorant as he made himself: Which *Timan-
te* denied again, with so many Oaths and
 Imprecations, that they all fell upon *Lican-
der* to tell them what it was. He shifted it
 off as well as he could, but it would not pass
 upon the Company, that he should set upon
Timante, and not know a Reason for it. It
 was a long time before they could prevail ;
 but at last, after much Earnestness and Im-
 portunity, *Licander* told them, in plain Terms,
 that he was jealous of *Timante*, and that he
 drew his Sword in vindication of a Lady for
 whom he had a great Honour ; which Lady,
Timante had affronted, by giving her a Cly-
 ster through a mistake. This set the whole
 Company a Laughing ; and one of them es-
 pecially, so much louder than the rest, that
Licander, in a Rage and Distraction, to see
 himself made Sport of, gave him a Box on
 the Ear, which made the Hall ring again, as
 well with the Blow, as with the Laughter.
 This Accident divided the Company pre-
 sently

sently into Parties, some for the Plaintiff, others for the Defendant; and a great many Swords were drawn upon it in a Moment. There were some wiser than others, that with much ado parted them; but two or three of the forwardest were wounded first, of which *Licander* was one. (as a just Punishment of his Rashness.) The Hurt he had received, was very dangerous, and yet the least part of his trouble; for nothing galled him so much as to be brought upon the Stage, for so silly a Business: Oh, how he curst himself! This comes of Caterwauling, with a Pox! says he, the Devil take her, and all that belongs to her, and myself too, when ever I so much as think of her again. Two Wounds have I now received for one Clyster.

ARAMINTA. was told every Syllable that past, and too well acquainted with the jealousy and brutality of *Licander*, to doubt the truth of it. Well, says she, since he is in a vein of Swearing, I will make one Oath too; which is, never to see the Eyes of him again, if I can avoid it.

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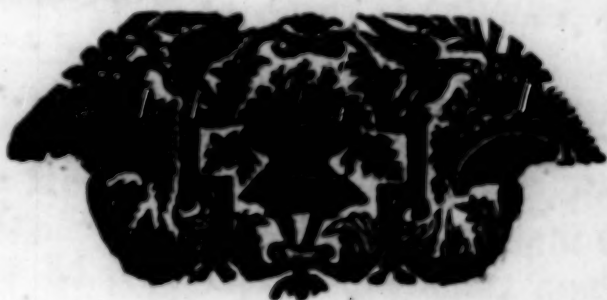
J U S T

J U S T as *Araminta* had taken up this Resolution, in comes *Neophile*, on the behalf of *Timante*, to treat of Marriage, wherein she was not only free, as to the disposing of herself, but by obligations of Honour, Reason, and Inclination, induced to a Compliance. Beside, that *Licander* was now lost with her to all Intents and Purposes.

T H I S Accident of the Clyster struck a great Stroke in the Match ; for *Araminta* looked upon that familiarity with a Woman's Back-side, to be a kind of conjugal Prerogative ; and reckoned upon it, effectually, as so much in Hand, in part of Matrimony, which followed not long after ; without any regard to the unfortunate *Licander*, who lay Bed-rid all this while ; and in Torments both of Body and Mind, not to be conceived. It was a wonderful Thing, the Operation of this Clyster, for it wrought upon the very Heart of *Araminta*, and brought two Persons together, that had before seen one another, a thousand, and a thousand times, the ordinary way, without ever dreaming of
any

any such Matter. This Story of the Apothecary and his Patient served for Raillery and Entertainment to the Wits, a long time after ; but without any thing of Scandal or Reproach ; for they were both of them very excellent Persons : And all that could be made on't, was this ; That *Timante* had done his Work so well, he justly deserved his Wages.

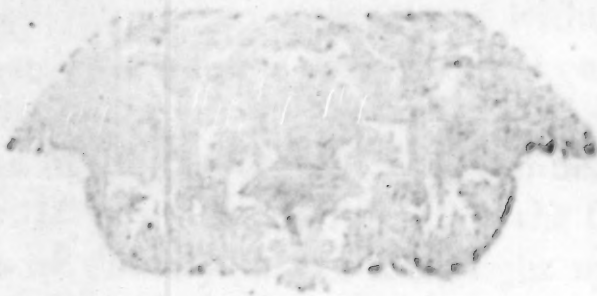
F I N I S.



any such manner. This story of the Apo-
stacy and his Father's death, for which
and his father's to the Viceroy a long way
after, but without any thing of scandal
or reproach; for which of them
very excellent Persons: And all that could
be made of it was that the Viceroy
had no right to write to the Pope, and
that the Pope had no right to write to the Viceroy.

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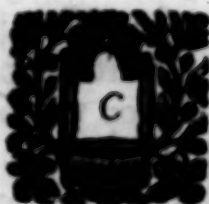
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